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A

Congratulatory POEM, ON THE CORONATION OF Queen ANN;

As it was Preſented to Her moſt Serene Majeſty.

By Richard Burridge,
Author of the Viſions of Dom Quevedo, *Burleſqu'd.*

Hic ver aſſiduum, atque alienis menſibus æſtas.
Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rabidæ tigres abſunt, & ſæva leonum
Semina : nec miſeros fallunt aconita lugentes :
Nec rapit immenſos orbes per humum, neq; tanto
Squameus in ſpiram tractu ſe colligit anguis. Virg, G. l. 2,

LONDON, Printed by *James Read*, next Door to the *Caſtle-Tavern* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London*, and *Weſtminſter*, 1702.

9. May.

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AUG

THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To Her moſt Sacred

MAJESTY.

MADAM,

AMONG *the reſt of* Mankind, *who admire* Your *moſt excellent* Endowments *of* Nature *and* Art, *which have made You ſo fit for* Regal Command, *unfeigned* Allegiance *and* Loyalty *incite too my* Zeal *to congratulate that ſacred* Inauguration *which aſſures Three long dejected* Kingdoms, *of no leſs* Bleſſings *than the* Eſtabliſhment *of an eternal* Joy; *as well as a flouriſhing* Peace *and* Tranquillity *to the reſt of* EUROPE. *By the univerſal Satisfaction which ſo perſpicuouſly ſhines in the Breaſts of* forreign Nations, *as well as Your own admiring* Subjects, *to ſee a* STUART (*an illuſtrious* Family *deſerving the higheſt* Honour *of imperial* Dignity) *wield the* Britiſh *Scepter again, I am confident no* Panegyrick *can be accuſed of Flattering* Your *royal Perſon*; *but rather be deficient in* Encomiums, *really due to a* Queen, *who from meer Infancy made* Piety *and* Vertue *an Act of* Choice *and* Judgment. *It were a vain thing in me, to preſume to extol thoſe ſuper-excellent* Qualifications *which ſo magnanimouſly obtain ſuch an abſolute Victory over the* Emulation *of the moſt worthy of Your charming* Sex; *and ſeated Your unparellel'd* Glory *above the reach of* Inconſtancy *and* Envy; *wherefore, I ſubmiſſively leave the celebrated* Fame *thereof, to be Proclaim'd by a more curious* Pen *than mine. The laſt time I troubled* Your *unbounded* Goodneſs *in this kind, was at* Windſor *Caſtle, on as* Sorrowful *an Occaſion as this is* Joyful; *where You were graciouſly pleas'd to accept my ſmall Treatiſe of* The Conſolation of Death, *on a* Loſs *that much afflicted* England; *which royal* Favour (*dread* Heroine) *Encourages me to offer this ſmall* Oblation *of a loyal* Muſe *to* Your *benigne Peruſal*; *being the ſincere Acknowledgment of my dutiful* Affections, *to that* Change *which has led* Time *to the* Proſpect *of a glorious* Solemnity, *preſaging the thrice happy* Omen *of Crowning this* Iſland *with golden*

Daies: *Not diſpairing of its finding as gracious an Acceptance from* Your *Majeſty*, *who is the moſt beautiful* Idea *of* Royalty *and* Glory; *to which divine* Compoſition, You *have added the nobleſt and beſt natur'd* Humour *in the World. Your extraordinary Love for eminent* Actions *is not the leaſt Argument to ſhew the greatneſs of* Your Mind, *and fulneſs of Perfection. Your* Angelical *like* Mien *which is adorable by all, with the dazling and majeſtick* Form *of* Your Preſence, *are* Charmes *enough to elevate the greateſt* Genius *to emblazon* Your *tranſcendant* Worth *to* Poſterity, *without ſuggeſtion by the ambitious Hopes of being* Laureat. *And whoever is bleſt with the Honour of waiting on* Your *moſt ſacred* Perſon, *muſt needs have have an approach ſo near Heaven, that* human Nature *cannot be capable of a nearer. What Tranſport* Thoughts, *retrieved from the greateſt depth of* Fancy, *conceive of that* Happineſs Courtiers *will enjoy, who behold the heavenly Sight of thoſe glorious* Triumphs *of* Vertue *which ſhall be in* Grandure *diurnally diſplay'd about Your luculent* Throne! *where* Juſtice *ſhall continually diſperſe its* Phœbean *Rays in meridian Splendor, to light* Subjects *to the Refuge of that* Heart *which meditates on their Comfort. So earneſtly wiſhing an increaſe of* Health, Life *and* Proſperity *may be Concomitants to* Your *Reign*; *and an* Iſſue *from* Your Royal Loynes *to uphold the Proteſtant* Succeſſion, *I attempt to ſubſcribe my ſelf*

Your Majeſties

moſt Obedient, moſt Humble,

and moſt Loyal

Subject, and Servant

Richard Burridge.

A

POEM,

ON THE

CORONATION

Of Her moſt Serene Majeſty Queen

ANN.

I.

HAIL! bleſſed *Queen*, the Guardian of our *Laws*;
Defender of the *Faith*; and *Europe*'s Cauſe;
May candid *Joy*, and golden *Peace*,
Surround that glorious *Crown*,
Which *You* by *Birth*, as well as *Vertue*, own.
Now mortal *Jarrs*, and *Striſes* ſhall ceaſe,
Within this fruitful *Iſle*;
The Bloſſoms of our *Hopes* ſhall bud,
Without diſtilling ſhowers of Blood;
The chaſt *Britannia* ſmile,

To ſee the *Halcyon* build its quiet Neſt,
In the Protection of *Your* ſacred Breſt.

II.

To all the *Grief* which hover'd o're this Realm,
Now royal *A N N* ſits at the Helm,
Subjects may bid adjeu:
For all that's brave in *Woman-kind*,
You make the *Trophies* of your Mind,
And will our Good purſue.
To ſpeak Your *Worth*!--- What noble Quill
Muſt make the loyal *Pen*?
Aſſiſt ye Virgins of *Apollo*'s Hill,
To chant, in ſweet harmonious *Lays*,
The univerſal *Praiſe*,
Of *One* by Heav'n belov'd; ador'd by Men:
Could I, by ſome *Dædalian* device,
Aſcend to *Paradiſe*!
From ſome *Seraphick* Wing
A ſacred *Quill* I'll take,
My flying *Pen* to make,
For ſuch of *A N N A*'s only fit to ſing.

III.

If *Kings* are *Gods*, a *Goddeſs You* muſt be!
As great as thoſe in *Majeſty*;
Equal to ſuch is *Englands* Queen,

As *Great*, *Auguſt*, *Imperial*, and *Serene*.
The loft'eſt *Language* can't afford
Encomiums equal to your Fame;
Nor add more Splendor to your *Name*;
Each ſoft and new invented *Word*,
By which we would expreſs ſo high a *Theme*,
Do only *Types* and *Shadows* ſeem,
Of that *Perfection* which the World admires.
This *Coronation*
(Glad *Albion's* Salvation)
With true *Allegiance* all Mankind inſpires.

IV.

All that can of Your vertuous *Sex* be ſaid,
Is juſtly due,
Bleſt Queen! to *You*:
By *Fate* deſign'd, by *Heav'n* made
A Pattern of ſuch *Piety*,
That thoſe who think on th' heights of thy vaſt *Soul*,
Which *Truth* and *Juſtice* both adorn,
May make Your *Subjects* think they ſee
A glympſe of that ſame *Bliſs* which doth controul
The Foes which ſacred *Vertue* ſcorn;
Thus raptur'd with the *Contemplation*, fly
With *Hallelujahs* to that Majeſty,
Which tempts them by an holy *Reign*,
In pious *Steps* to trace,

The *Path* to that delicious Place
Where *bleſſed Souls* ſhall reap immortal Gain.

V.

Reformed Churches now ſhall all Embark
Within an *Ark*,
Which You to *Ararat* will ſafely Guide;
Now no fierce *Tide*,
Deſtructive *Stormes*, nor *Romiſh* Hurricane,
Shall drive her through the Rage of *Sword*, and *Fire*;
She'll be ſecur'd, by *Your* auſpicious Reign,
From their malicious *Ire*.
With pious trembling Love,
Rejoycing, and eternal *Praiſe*,
Your *Conduct* ſhe'll approve,
Which Glory to your *Memory* ſhall raiſe.
When *Time* conſpir'd, in a crimſon Flood,
To ſacrifice the *Truth*,
As unto *Naomi* obedient *Ruth*,
Bleſt Queen! You to your *Mother Church* did cling:
Was ſo *Religious*, *Juſt*, and *Good*,
As to diſpleaſe a *Father*, and a *King*;
Rather than kneel to that *Idolatry*,
Which did provoke celeſtial *Majeſty*.

Our

VI.

Our much diſturbed *State*,
Shall be no more diſconſolate.
It ſoon will riſe *Magnificent* and *Tall*,
To conſecrate the *royal Hand*
Which ſhall extempt it from its fatal *Fall*.
The angry *Angel* now has turn'd away
The brandiſht Sword that ſmote the *Land*,
And teacheth *Subjects* to obey,
The *Sovereign*, with whom Heav'n is ſo well pleas'd,
That ſenſeleſs *Planets* ſmiled on the Fate,
Which did Your royal ſelf *Tranſlate*
To that great *Throne* which has been long diſeas'd;
Witneſs the glorious *Day*,
The *Sun* enlighten'd with his brighteſt Ray,
Till each dejected *Place*,
Heard what they long had wiſht for; the bleſt Name
(Which makes us all with *Admiration* Proud,
And fills the Trumpits of illuſtrious *Fame*)
Proclaim'd aloud,
The lawful *Regent* of that faithful Land,
That doth not fear ſuch *Foes* to Fight,
Who durſt uſurp the glory of *Your* Right,
Tho' aided by a faithleſs *Gallick* Hand.

VII.

What an entrancing Proſpect 's in our *Eye*!
Chaſt *Shepherdeſſes* and the harmleſs *Swains*,

With Oaten Pipes command ſweet *Harmony*,
To eccho *Joy* about the verdant Plains:
With them melodious *Notes*,
Soft Streams of *Iſis* do in Conſort joyn,
And winged Choriſters thro' marbling Throats
Do Carols chant to *ANN* the Good, Divine.
The *Temples* are with *Olive* hung,
And *Altars* with *Arabian* Gums do ſmoak,
Whilſt *Anthems* by the *Prieſts* are ſung,
And *Worſhippers* with Tears invoke
Relenting Heav'n, where Goodneſs ever ſhines,
To Proſper *You* in all your brave Deſigns.

VIII.

Princeſs divine! Your *Mercy* is the *Fort*,
Which *Europe*'s tott'ring Grandeur muſt ſupport
Her antient fundamental *Reſt*
Theſe many *Years*
Has by a *Tyrant* been oppreſt;
And drenched in unpity'd *Tears*:
Poor *Chriſtendom* too long her Sorrows date,
And muſt in *Blood* bemourn her ſubverted State,
Unleſs defended by Your *Sword*.
Like *Eſther*, plac'd in ſcornful *Vaſhti's* Seat,
Submiſſively *Europa* waits,
And proſtrate falls beneath Your royal *Feet*;
When You the gracious *Favour* will afford

Of

Of holding out the *Scepter*, which She may
Preſume to touch without *Offence*,
A means to ſave her from the *Inſolence*
Of fell, conſpiring *Fates*,
Which long have born the *Sway*;
Alas! her adverſe *Deſtiny*
Can only be ſubdu'd, diſarm'd by *Thee*.

IX.

Mirror of *Females*! Glory of the *Age*!
Britannia's ſole Delight:
Mars bravely will act on the bloody Stage,
Where dauntleſs *ANN* ſhall give the word to Fight:
Alarm enough; Then, then in vain,
The *German* Chief will not diſpute for *Spain*,
Your bleſt *Confed'racy*
Will lead him the *Triumphant way*,
Thro' ſhatter'd *Italy*,
Where curſt, perfidious *French* would bear the Sway,
To drive the puny *Anjou* from a Clime,
Which he uſurped by his Father's *Crime*.
The *State*, which wrot themſelves diſtreſs'd,
When this our Iſle a *Virgin Queen* poſſeſs'd,
Inſpir'd by Your *Aid*,
Will ruſh thro' all the Magazines of *Fate*,
Thro' Fields of *Blood*, and *Horror* wade
Will venture *All* at any rate,

Une-

Bright *Lady*! to retrieve
Their *Rights* from him who ſtudies to deceive.

X.

Unerring *Princeſs*! with aſtoniſht Hearts
Exotick Realms adore Your wond'rous *Parts*;
They fear not to *Prevail*
Againſt the Force of that Deſpotick King,
Whoſe Pride doth Plagues upon his *Neighbours* bring,
If You'll vouchſafe to poiſe the *Standard-Scale*
Of *Europe*, with your righteous Hand,
Eternally ſhe'll ſtand;
Thou'rt their *Palladium* ſtil'd,
Their *Sanctuary*, and their *Shield*,
Say but the *Word*,--- You will their *Cauſe* defend,
VVith Courage they the *Monſter* durſt deſpiſe,
That Off-ſpring of a *Fiend*,
VVho *Nations* to his *Pride* would ſacrifice.
To right'ous *ANN*, nay, only You,
Kingdoms and Empires for *Juſtice* ſue.

XI.

And will the perjur'd *Lewis* tempt his Fate,
Now You controul the *Britiſh* State?
Thro' diſtant Ages *drowned* in the Jaws
Of old, Bald-pated *Time*,

He

He may aſpy his Anceſtors *bad Cauſe*,
In making breach of Oaths no Crime!
See how the Venge'nce of a *Deity*,
Made a vaſt *Army* but the ſport
Of deaf, incertain *Deſtiny*,
At fatal *Agincourt*.
The Fight of *Spurrs* let him but backwards view,
When *French-men* thro' large Plains diſſolv'd with Blood,
In great *Confuſion* flew,
To 'ſcape the *Fury* of a crimſon Flood.
But not to cite each *Preſident*,
Which has made *France* of Perjury repent,
Let's view the uſage *Lewis* muſt expect
From Thine dread *Hand*,
Ordain'd by Heav'n to ſcourge a tainted *Land*,
If he'll not on his Sins in time reflect.
Sorrow and Grief muſt be his *Fate*,
To ſee a *Conquereſs* his Nation ſpoil;
Expell'd from *Crowns* to mourn his wretched State.

XII.

Had now ſurviving been the *Prince*, who wept
For ſtore of *Worlds*, to rent 'em with the Sword;
Great *Cæſar*, who on *Pompey's* Trophies ſtept;
Fam'd *Scipio* by *Rome* ador'd;
Or *Hannibal*, whoſe martial Ire
Urg'd him thro' Flakes of *Ice* and *Snow* to make

A paſſage on the *Alpes*, for Honour ſake,
With *Vinegar* and *Fire* ;
Had thoſe brave *Chiefs* been living now, I ſay,
What Veneration would they pay,
To our *Bellona*, by all Champions prais'd?
The Lawrel *Wreaths*, and *Chaplets* which adorn'd
Their *Brows*, that mean inglorious Actions ſcorn'd,
To Your immortal *Glory* they had rais'd,
Aſtoniſht at Your awful *Mien*,
Lie couchant at Your *Feet*,
Imploring *Liberty* to greet
A peerleſs *Queen*,
In whoſe auſpicious *Reign* we all confide;
Thou bleſt *Britannia's* Hope, *Auguſta's* Pride.

XIII.

In ſplendid *Pomp*, methinks I ſee,
Neptune, and all the *Tritons* of the Sea,
About Your royal *Navy* wait,
Impatient to conduct the *Fame*,
Of our new crowned *Queen*,
In great *Magnificence* and *State*,
Thro' Peals of *Ordnance*, and conſuming Flame,
To view Your Rights on either ſide the *Seyne*,
The Ocean Gods, Hail *Thetis* ! cry,
Accept our Welcome to juſt *Victory* ;
The *Trident* take, to ſcourge that forreign *Fleet*,

That

That ventures out to *Sea*,
And ſtrikes not *Sail* immediately.
When they the great Saint *George*'s Colours meet,

XIV.

Succeeding Ages ſhall be bound to *Bleſs*
The Time when *ANNA* Reign'd;
For *Bleſſings* which this Realm ſhall then poſſeſs,
Unalterable, and *Secure*,
While *Earth's* vaſt Fabrick ſhall endure,
By your inimitable *Ruling* gain'd.
And now what Pleaſures ſhall careſs our *Iſle*,
Which doth with *Gladneſs* ſmile,
To ſee what *Faith*, kind *Charity*, and *Love*,
Aſcents which lead *Mankind*
To thoſe eternal *Joys* above,
We ſhall in happy *Albion* find,
By *All* endeavouring to imitate
That *Vertue* which ſhines in Your *Soul*, ſo bright,
That needs muſt *Light*
Your *Subjects* to a bleſſed ſtate;
Like to the Star which did the *Magi* guide,
Mortals by Your Zeal to Heav'n may Ride.

XV.

Confuſion ſieze the Wretch that durſt oppoſe
Your lawful *Right*, and aid Your Foes;

From

From ev'ry black *Conſpiracy*
May th' *Eye* of Heav'n Your Perſon keep;
The *Senate* to Your juſt Demands agree,
For all the Good they from Your *Goodneſs* reap:
May *Councils* ſage! direct You for the beſt,
Who'll ne're divulge the *Secrets* of Your Breaſt.
Grant *Neſtor's* Years Your Life attend,
While *Joy*, *Proſperity*, and *Wealth*,
Peace, *Glory*, and continual *Health*,
Your beſt of *Reigns* befriend.
Till wearyed with Terreſtrial *ſway*,
O're *Crowns* and *Conqueſts* ſtrew'd along Your way
To wear a Crown of *Immortality* You fly,
Above the lofty Mountains of th' *Olympick* Sky.

FINIS.